

SIERRA MADRE NEWS

VOL. VI.

SIERRA MADRE, LOS ANGELES COUNTY, CALIFORNIA, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1912

NO. 49

SCHOOL WILL OPEN ON MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 23

Sierra Madre public school will open on Monday, September 23, for the next school year. One additional teacher will be included in the faculty on account of the growth in attendance and crowding of work.

Prof. R. W. Maitbie and Miss Mintener will be the only members of last year's faculty to return. The class work will be assigned as follows: Miss Grace Barris, seventh and eighth grades; Miss Jo Rosenthal, fifth and sixth grades; Miss Mintener, third and fourth grades; Miss Matilda Thompson, first and second grades. Prof. Maitbie will hear classes from the four upper grades and will have more time for supervising work than when he was in direct charge of one of the rooms.

Misses Barris, Rosenthal and Thompson, the new members of the faculty, are all members of the last year's graduating class at the state normal school in Los Angeles. All had previous teaching experience before attending that school, however, and the school trustees feel that they have secured exceptionally capable teachers.

Classroom chairs with arm desks have been installed in the room for-

merly used for assembly purposes. Prof. Maitbie will hear his classes in that room and it will still be available for school gatherings.

During the summer the school building has been renovated and put into the best of condition. The appearance of the school rooms has been made much more attractive by the hanging of the dozen pictures purchased with the proceeds of the school entertainment last spring. The pictures were attractively framed by Prof. Maitbie.

Attention of parents and pupils is called to the fact that pupils are requested to come to the school house on Friday, September 26, for the purpose of enrolling, meeting the teachers, having seats assigned and learning about necessary books. Work will begin regularly on Monday, the twenty-third, and it is important that no time be lost then in attending to these preliminaries.

The coming school year will be nine and one-half months in length. This was determined by the trustees in order to conform more nearly to conditions in Pasadena and Los Angeles where the school year is ten months long.

IOWA SUMMER PICNIC

Old Soldiers Invited to Participate in Big Annual Gathering

All over Southern California are former residents of the State of Iowa, awaiting the annual summer outing, to be held at Bixby Park, Long Beach, Saturday, September 14, 1912. This will be an all-day picnic and reception to the visiting Iowa soldiers who are here for the Grand Encampment.

Bring ample lunches and ask visitors to dine with you. This is important. Free coffee and lemonade to all who wear the Iowa badges. In buying tickets on the electric lines get round trip to Alamitos Bay (Long Beach) and if you are not on a special for Bixby Park get a transfer before you get to Long Beach to take you to the park. Get off at Bixby Park, not at Alamitos Bay.

In the evening there will be a great campfire on the sands near the pier with music by the band and fireworks.

Stay for evening if you can.

Further information may be obtained of the Secretary, C. H. Parsons, third floor, Chamber of Commerce, Los Angeles.

JANE ADDAMS CHORUS

Arrangements are being made for the organization of a "Jane Addams Chorus" in Sierra Madre as a part of the movement that has been going forward toward making the national Progressive campaign a great singing crusade. Mrs. J. A. Osgood has been asked to take up the work of organization in Sierra Madre and has called a meeting for Saturday afternoon at two-thirty at the home of Mrs. W. J. Lawless. Mrs. B. B. Bravinder will act as accompanist. All ladies who can assist in singing the old familiar songs which are used chiefly, and who are in sympathy with the Progressive movement are invited to be present.

HARD FOR STREET TREES

One of the fine row of pine trees on East Montecito avenue has been completely girdled, according to a report brought to the News office by a resident of the neighborhood. The tree falls victim to the destructive inclination of a small boy living near by. If he were an adult a stiff penalty would undoubtedly be inflicted for the violation of the ordinance prohibiting the removal or destruction of street trees without a permit. But the circumstances seem to preclude anything but parental corrective measures when, alas, seem hardly to be expected. When parents permit their young hopefuls to perpetrate such pranks not much encouragement is offered to those property owners who set out trees and shrubs in the parkings.

CONGREGATIONAL SERVICES

Sunday School services will be resumed at the Congregational Church next Sunday morning at the usual hour, 9:45. Morning worship will be at 11 o'clock, when the pastor, Rev. W. H. Hannaford, will preach on the subject, "The Unknown Elijah." The Communion of the Lord's supper will follow the sermon. Christian Endeavor service will be held at 6:45 p. m., the topic being "Why and How to Improve the Mind." Evening worship will be at 7:30 when the pastor's subject will be "The Badge of Priesthood." A cordial invitation is extended to all to be present and begin the fall work with enthusiasm.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Keys, Misses Edith Steinberger and Hodgkins and Milton Steinberger enjoyed a fine week end auto trip to Ventura and through the Ojai Valley. W. E. Farman insists that no Ford car could make the trip and says he has reliable information that Keys never piloted his car further than Glendale. Keys and Steinberger retaliate by telling yarns about the number of Auburns that were being towed into port after being disabled.

GOOD TEMPLAR MEETING

The regular meeting of Sierra Madre Lodge, I. O. G. T., will be held in the town hall next Monday evening, September 9, 7:30 o'clock. Initiation of new members will be a part of the evening's work. A number of visitors from other lodges are expected to be present. A good attendance is desired. The treasurer is desirous that all members see that their dues are paid up to date.

DISTRICT LODGE MEETING

The district lodge session of the International Order of Good Templars was held in Santa Monica on Saturday, August 31. Miss Mildred Sherman, Chief Templar of Sierra Madre lodge, attended as delegate, and was appointed vice templar for the district. The business session was held in the afternoon and in the evening an excellent program was rendered.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert V. Carr who have resided in Sierra Madre occasionally during the past two years, have returned from Los Angeles and rented a cottage on South Hermosa.

NEW PICTURE SHOW

FIRST CLASS MOTION PICTURES TO BE SHOWN REGULARLY IN SIERRA MADRE

Sierra Madre will have a full fledged moving picture show in the near future. The exhibitions which will begin about the middle of September will not be given more than three nights weekly unless the amount of business should demand it. At first the exhibitions will be given on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evenings.

That the pictures will be of the highest class is indicated by the fact that the Woman's Club is sponsor for the enterprise. The club recently acquired a standard motion picture outfit for installation in the club house. The pictures as thrown upon the screen will be 12x15 feet. They will be of great variety, including dramatic, comic and educational subjects.

Necessary alterations will be made at the club house so that the picture machine will be enclosed in an absolutely fireproof compartment. Arrangements for the new enterprise have been in the capable hands of a committee composed of Dr. Abbie Mace-Betts, Mrs. J. W. Keys and Mrs. S. Beyer. The general public will be welcomed at the exhibitions. More detailed announcements will be made in the near future.

RESTRICTIONS REMOVED

Precautionary regulations imposed on account of the infantile paralysis scare in Los Angeles have been lifted by the board of health. The Sunday schools will convene as usual on Sunday morning, after being discontinued on account of the request that gatherings of children be dispensed with.

TOO MUCH EXPRESS

PACIFIC ELECTRIC FORCED TO TAKE OFF COMBINATION CARS ON THIS LINE

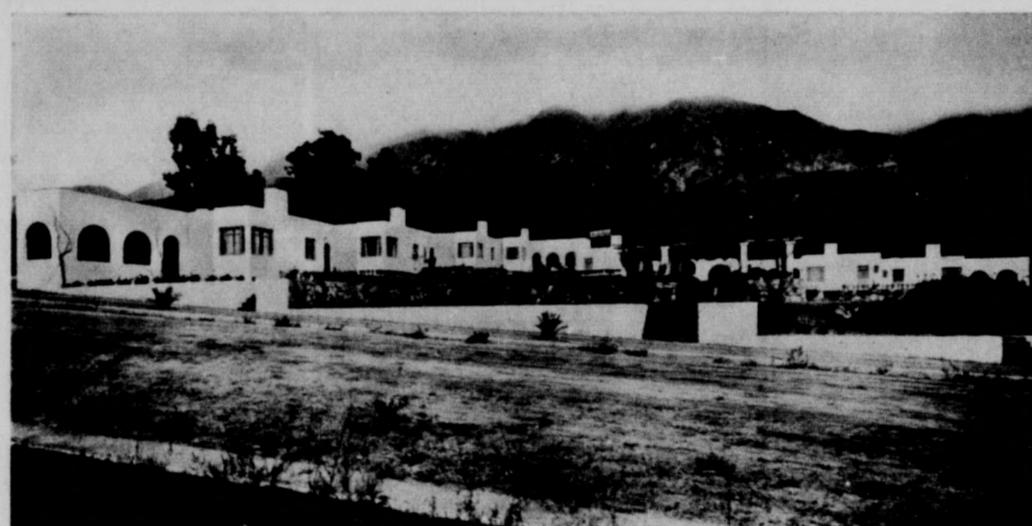
Express business on the route served by the cars coming to Sierra Madre has grown to such an extent that the Pacific Electric has been compelled to discontinue the use of the combination express and passenger cars on the Sierra Madre line. Cars hauling express only have been substituted for both morning and afternoon runs. The morning car arrives an hour earlier and the afternoon car an hour later, both changes being welcomed by the merchants generally. The only person to be discommoded is Agent Kelsey who is compelled to be on duty an hour earlier in the morning. But he is compensated somewhat by being permitted to go home to dinner at a more reasonable hour.

Another change which will be welcomed will be the substitution of a regular passenger car in the morning running on the old schedule of the morning express. The combination car has been inadequate for a long time on account of the large number of high school students taking that car for Pasadena. The two-car train at seven o'clock is detained and the car leaving Sierra Madre at seven-thirty comes and goes by way of Pasadena. So far as passengers are concerned no substitute has been scheduled for the afternoon express car.

EPISCOPAL SERVICES

Church of the Ascension, the Rev. Dr. George H. Cornell, rector. Fourteen Sunday after Trinity. Sunday school, 9:45 a. m.; morning prayer and sermon, 11 a. m. A cordial invitation is extended to all.

Praise For Local Architectural Example



BELLA VISTA TERRACE

The leading article in The Craftsman magazine is devoted to a description of the novel cottages on Mountain Trail avenue owned by F. B. Lewis. The article is entitled "A New Architecture in a New Land." Bella Vista Terrace is used in illustrations and description to demonstrate the author's argument. The article is reproduced in part below as being of interest to News readers both in Sierra Madre and elsewhere. The author says:

The great truths that have inspired, encouraged and steadily guided mankind upward, those that have shaped and controlled the momentous issues of life, have been given in the simplest form. And they have remained in their original purity because of their essential simplicity, compelling the attention of the most careless and enlightened. Primitive man, striving to express his emotions, uses a straight line as a symbol of greatness, grandeur or nobility, for he caught the significance of the horizon against the sky. The arch he copied from the dome of the heavens, and the triangle of mystery was revealed in the migratory flight of birds. The circle was his sign for motion or progression, seized by him when a flying stone touched passive waters.

Return to Simplicity

When modern man finds that he is becoming entangled in the whirl of life, that his sense of beauty and proportion is becoming confused and complex, that his inspiration is uncertain and his expression halting, then if greatness is in him he returns to the remedial strength of the primitive. This is especially true in regard to modern American architecture, for our architects have become confused by the inordinate demands of their patrons for something original, striking, distinctive, and are madly rushing hither and thither over the face of the world, hunting for fresh inspiration, plagiarizing openly, seeking in pitiable ways to disguise poverty of idea by over-ornamentation. In their craze to build something original they have been known to construct an entire house of cobblestones (a perfect imitation of peanut brittle) in Colonial lines, with a Moorish red tile roof and an Italian garden in front entered through a Japanese gateway!

In the west, where man not only dares to be honest, but is encouraged

in every way to express himself, there has arisen a simpler and more distinctive architecture. One architect of the coast, Irving J. Gill, after wandering for years among the inspired works of the past—Grecian, Roman, Italian, early English—grappling hopefully through the maze that every architect is forced by custom and education to thread, dissatisfied with the best he could produce and convinced of the absurdity and dishonesty of plagiarism, has had the courage to throw aside every accepted belief of the present day and start afresh with the simplest forms, the straight line, the arch, the cube and the circle. And he uses these without ornamentation, save for the natural grace of a clinging vine that is allowed to trail about a doorway or droop over the severe line of the roof. Instead of delving into the past works of great men, trying to adapt what has been into the conditions of the present, he bends his efforts to determine what should be, regardless of precedent. By this return to fundamental needs he has hit upon an architecture so simple and beautiful that restless tourists, practical business men, workers, architects and artists turn aside from their work or play on the highway, for the pleasure of seeing so satisfying a thing as a house of his design.

Beginning With a Cube

When Mr. Gill started his work he started with a mere cube as a basis, put a slight overhang to his roofs, let the beams appear in the ceilings and projected the fireplace into the room. But growing more and more courageous as he saw that the less he departed from the pure cube the more beautiful his work became, he finally eliminated even these simple structural ornaments and built his walls flush with the roof, with baseboards, casings and wainscots flush with the walls.

The article then continues with a description of the novel cottages built in Sierra Madre for F. B. Lewis. The author says they "furnish an object lesson in practicability, originality and beauty." Important features are emphasized as follows:

Permanence a Feature

They are little more than cubes set not above one another as must be done in a city, but side by side along the line of a town square, so that their external walls form a continuous line on the north and west sides of the square, leaving the south and east open to the sun. The whole faces inward on little

SIERRA MADRE VOTE IS SOLIDLY PROGRESSIVE

Sierra Madre is soundly Progressive, according to the returns from the primary election on Tuesday. And judging by the returns from the Republican primaries all over the state to be soundly Progressive is to be regularly Republican in California. By overwhelming majorities the registered Republicans of California expressed their approval of Progressive policies and their demand for Progressive candidates on national and state tickets.

Approximately the Republican vote in Sierra Madre stood about two to one in favor of Progressive candidates. Of the total of 126 Republican ballots cast there were eight spoiled by reason of the fact that the voters disregarded the simplest of all the instructions and marked their ballot with pen or pencil instead of with the rubber stamps which were provided in every booth. Accordingly only 118 Republican ballots could be counted. The highest number of votes to be received by any one candidate was 96, Senator N. W. Thompson and Judge Paul McCormick dividing honors with the same number.

The real test of strength between Progressives and Taft Republicans was in the contests for congress and for the assembly. Egbert J. Gates, pledged to vote for Roosevelt electors in the state convention, received 75 votes to 22 for the two Taft candidates. No organized effort was made to get out the vote of any party or faction and there was practically no election.

The vote in detail for the various parties was as follows:

REPUBLICAN VOTE

C. W. Bell	74
C. H. Windham	1
C. J. McLachlan	17
C. H. Randall	11
Sloane Pitzer	12

For State Senator, 37th District

N. W. Thompson	96
Egbert J. Gates	75

For Assemblyman, 69th District

W. H. Evans	32
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For Superior Judge

Paul J. McCormick	96
James C. Rives	84
F. W. Houser	63
Charles Wellborn	50
John M. York	33
Louis W. Myers	30
Fred H. Taft	29
George H. Hutton	28
J. W. Summerfield	18
G. Ray Horton	17
Robert McDonald	15
George R. Davis	15
Wm. Frederickson	7
Byron C. Hanna	5
E. W. Tuttle	5
Frank S. Adams, W. T. Kendrick, S. G. Long, 4 each.	4
Charles W. Long, R. S. Schmidt, 3 each.	3
W. A. Alderson, C. O. Morgan, A. von Schriltz, 2 each.	2
H. H. Roser, 1.	1

DEMOCRATIC VOTE

For Congress	9
Richard T. Blow	4
James McLachlan	2
M. F. Campbell	2
P. F. Dodson	12

For Assemblyman

F. A. Young	13
For Superior Judge	
Paul J. McCormick	16

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Brief Items of Interest

S. A. D. Gray left Wednesday for a few days' stay in San Diego.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Dickson have returned after a ten days stay at Hermosa.

Mrs. W. P. Caley has returned home after spending five weeks in Santa Monica.

Miss Helen Morrow of Los Angeles was the guest last week of Mrs. W. H. Ingram.

Miss Etta Dickson delightfully entertained the I. I. C. at her home on Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Hart have returned to their home after having been at Redondo for some time.

Mrs. Burton Andrews has had as a week-end guest at her home Miss Maybelle Rector of Los Angeles.

Miss Ethel Kirby and Miss Mildred Sherman spent Sunday at Santa Monica as the guests of Miss Maybelle Caley.

Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Yerxa left Thursday in their automobile for a short pleasure trip and expect to be gone for the week end.

Miss Etta Dickson had as luncheon guests last week Mrs. William Dennison, Miss Lenore Morgan and Miss Marion Decker.

Mrs. M. Mackerras enjoyed a week end stay in Long Beach as the guests of the Misses Vanner who have been spending the past month there.

Mrs. C. E. Cook and Miss Gertrude Cook were luncheon guests on Thursday of Major Cyrus Willard at the California Club in Los Angeles.

Max Thornburg was visiting friends here on Wednesday and left Thursday for Newhall to join his parents after spending the summer at Avalon.

Miss Vega Brugman left Thursday evening for Mesa, Ariz., where she has accepted a position in the Union High School as the head of the department of domestic economy.

J. T. Linebaugh, an attorney from Victoria, Texas, left Wednesday after spending three weeks in Sierra Madre as the guest of his mother, Mrs. M. W. Linebaugh of San Gabriel Court.

On Sunday Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Lawless had as guests Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Carhart who were some time ago residents of Sierra Madre, and who have recently returned from San Francisco to make their home in Los Angeles.

Misses Florence and Daisy Vanner returned Monday from Long Beach where they have been spending the past month. Miss Daisy Vanner will resume her work as superintendent of the Children's Hospital in Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Stilson and two children left Sierra Madre Monday after being residents here for some past years. They are making their home in San Marino on San Pasqual street, where their newly built bungalow has just been completed.

The Art Committee of the Woman's Club met at the home of Mrs. J. E. Fairbanks last Friday. The plan for the coming year is an art study class to meet the first and third Monday of each month. The class is to be free to all club members.

Mrs. C. W. Mitchell was the guest on Wednesday of her parents, Col. and Mrs. A. S. Moore. Mrs. Mitchell has just returned from San Francisco where she has been visiting relatives and will remain the rest of the summer with her family at Balboa.

Recent arrivals at Cypress Court are Mrs. C. E. Wilhelme of Hollywood, S. T. Lewis of Santa Monica, E. Lewis Wilson of Long Beach, and Miss Harris, Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Brubaker, Mr. and Mrs. C. Bodine and children of Sierra Madre, and Dr. and Mrs. S. W. Thromann, Miss Etta Parker, S. G. Kellar, and Mrs. D. M. Long, all of Los Angeles.

On Thursday a small party enjoyed an auto trip and picnic in Etiwanda at the ranch of Mr. Howard Sebree. Those in the party were Mr. and Mrs. John Hart, and in New Haven the guest of her brother, Dr. George Blumner, who is dean of the Medical College of Yale University.

Sierra Madre friends of M. H. Bridle were greatly astonished last week to receive announcements of his marriage, the bride being Miss Lulu King. His many friends are awaiting his arrival in Sierra Madre in the desire for further information. It was generally supposed that Bridle was a confirmed bachelor and his many friends will extend warmest congratulations.

A jolly party enjoyed a picnic and motor trip last Monday by going to Santa Monica by the Mountain boulevard. A sumptuous picnic supper was enjoyed under the trees in the Santa Monica Canyon, and the party returned home in the evening. Those in the party were Mr. and Mrs. William J. Lawless, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Camp, Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Carhart, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Jones, and Dr. and Mrs. L. L. Krebs.

Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Conard entertained a number of friends at their home last Monday. During the afternoon tennis was enjoyed and a delicious supper was served later. The evening was spent in games and music. Those present were Messrs. Brugman, McGregor, B. W. Andrews, S. C. Collins, and J. Henderson Childs, the Misses Vega Brugman, Dorothy Humphries, Edith Steinberger, Katherine Crisp and Messrs. Ingraham, Nourse, Torrance, Baugh, B. W. Andrews, and Collins.

Mrs. R. E. Maher has had as a guest at her home this week Mrs. J. A. Maden of Los Angeles.

Chester Woodburn of Des Moines was a guest last week at the home of Lawrence Nourse.

Mrs. McLinn, Mrs. McQuiston and Earl McLinn of Des Moines were the guests on Monday of Mrs. C. C. Nourse.

Mrs. Minnie Kimball and daughter Gladys have returned home after enjoying a month's outing at Avalon, Catalina.

Mrs. S. R. G. Twycross has returned home from Ocean Park where she has been spending the past two months in her beach cottage.

Mrs. G. Hallett Johnson who is spending the summer in Balboa was the guest on Friday of her sister, Mrs. W. H. Ingram.

Mr. Willard Scott and his brother from Topeka, Kansas, who is spending the summer in California, have been enjoying a short stay at Catalina.

Mrs. J. H. Nightingale left Saturday of San Francisco where she will join Mr. Nightingale and together will enjoy a short trip to Portland and Seattle.

Mrs. Comstock, entering high school, is abashed by her country dress. She needs \$20 for books and tuition fees. Her mother is unsympathetic, and Elinor tells her troubles to Wesley Sinton, an old neighbor.

When Elinor was born her father was drowned in a swamp, embittering her mother's life. Elinor determines to raise money by gathering forest specimens. The Sintons buy clothes for her.

Elinor, getting her books cheaply, finds a market with the Bird Woman for butterflies, Indian relics, etc.

Mrs. Comstock's devotion to her husband's memory will not permit her to sell trees or have oil wells dug on her land. The Sintons bring Elinor new clothing.

Pete Corson, Limberlost frequenter, warns Elinor not to visit the Limberlost at night or go far into the swamp at any time.

Buy a bright but untrained little chap, with a shiftless father and hungry brother and sister, gets Elinor's luncheon. Wesley, troubled by Corson's warning, investigates.

Sinton finds some one has been spying on Elinor. The girl feels Billy again. She is "taken up" by the high school girls.

Billy's father dies, and the lad is taken home by Sinton, who makes provision for his brother and sister.

Margaret finds Billy mischievous, but her heart softens, and he is adopted. Pete helps Elinor to collect specimens. She buys a Mark Twain book for her mother.

Elinor, having musical talent, is told Margaret of her father's violin in secret keeping. Margaret gets the violin for her girl.

Her high school course completed, Elinor needs money for graduation expenses. She needs two yellow Emperor moths to complete a collection. Graduation exercises begin.

Mrs. Comstock will not help Elinor to get a graduation gown. The girl is dressed by the Bird Woman, but Mrs. Comstock later gives hand embroidered garments to her.

Mrs. Comstock ignorantly destroys the moth needed by Elinor. She learns her husband was unfaithful and regrets her unkindness to Elinor. She will try to capture moth for Elinor.

Mrs. Comstock and Elinor, hunting specimens, are joined by a young man who offers his help.

The young man is Philip Ammon of Chicago, seeking health. He is engaged to Edith Carr, a society girl, and has a sister, Polly, engaged to Tom Levering. He intends to send violet to Edith on her birthday. Elinor is appointed teacher of natural history.

Philip, interested in Elinor, forgets the violet, but Elinor sends them to him at his temporary home in Onabasha.

The young man, called home, asks Elinor to kiss him goodby. She refuses, although she loves him. Elinor still needs the Emperors.

Although Edith loves Philip, she breaks her engagement and insults him publicly because he leaves her to catch a yellow Emperor for Elinor. Hart Henderson is devoted to Edith, who suffers greatly.

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A Girl of the Limberlost

(Continued from Page 2)

think, and given you a heart. God knows I envy the man who wins it! I wouldn't even advise you to read too many books on your lines. You get your stuff first hand, and you know that you are right. What you should do is to begin early to practice self-expression. Don't wait too long to tell us about the woods as you know them."

Not until then did he remember that Mrs. Comstock was somewhere very near.

"Should we go out to the trail and see if your mother is coming?" he asked.

"Here she is now," said Elnora. "Gracious, it's a mercy I got that violin put away in time! I didn't ex-



PARKER

To the Man It Was a Revelation.

pect her so soon," whispered the girl, as she turned and went toward her mother. Mrs. Comstock's face was a study as she looked at Elnora.

"Have you found anything yet?" she asked.

"Nothing that I can show you," said Elnora. "I am not sure but I have found an idea that will revolutionize the whole course of my work, thought and ambitions."

"Ambitions? My, what a hefty world!" laughed Mrs. Comstock. "I guess we better let ambition lie. I've always heard it was safest asleep. If you ever get a bonafide attack, it will be time to attend it. Let's hunt specimens. It is June. Philip and I are in the grades. What is the miracle of June? What one thing epitomizes the whole month?"

The birth of these big night moths," said Elnora promptly.

Ammon clapped his hands. The tears started to Mrs. Comstock's eyes. She took Elnora in her arms and kissed her forehead.

"You'll do!" she said. "Find the distinctive feature of each month, the one thing which marks it a time apart. I can't name all of them offhand, but I think of one more right now. February belongs to our winter birds. You should hear those musicians of this swamp in February. Philip, on a mellow night. Oh, but they are in earnest! For twenty-one years I've listened by night to the great owls, all the smaller sizes, the foxes, coons and every resident left in these woods, and by day to the hawks, yellowhammers, sapsuckers, titmice, crows and all our winter birds. It's about the best music we have. I just wonder if you couldn't copy that alone and make a strong, original piece out of it for your violin, Elnora?"

There was one tense breath, then—"I could try," said Elnora simply.

Ammon rushed to the rescue. "We must go to work," he said, and began examining a walnut branch for Luna moth eggs. Elnora joined him while Mrs. Comstock drew her embroidery from her pocket and sat on a log. She said she was tired; they could come for her when they were ready to go. She could hear their voices all around her until she called them at supper time. When they came to her she stood waiting on the trail, the sewing in one hand, the violin in the other. Elnora became very white, but took the trail without a word. Ammon, unable to see a woman carry a heavier load than he, reached for the instrument. Mrs. Comstock shook her head. She carried the violin home, took it into her room and closed the door. Elnora turned to Ammon.

"If she destroys that I will die!" cried the girl.

"She won't!" said Ammon. "You misunderstand her. She wouldn't have said what she did about the owls if she had meant to. She is your mother. No one loves you as she does. Trust her! Myself—I think she's simply great!"

Mrs. Comstock returned with serene face, and all of them helped with the supper. When it was over Ammon and Elnora sorted and classified the afternoon's specimens and made a trip to the woods to paint and light several trees for moths. When they came back Mrs. Comstock sat in the arbor, and they joined her. She went into the cabin, but she returned almost instantly, laying the violin end bow across Elnora's lap. "I wish you would give us a little music," she said.

The violin played on until Elnora was so tired she scarcely could lift the

bow. Then Ammon went home. The women walked to the gate with him and stood watching him from sight.

"That's what I call one decent young man!" said Mrs. Comstock. "To see him fit in with us, you'd think he'd been raised in a cabin, but it's likely he's always had the very cream of the pot."

"Yes, I think so," laughed Elnora, "but it hasn't hurt him. I've never seen anything I could criticize. He's teaching me so much unconsciously. You know he graduated from Harvard and has several degrees in law. He's coming in the morning."

Next morning Ammon came early, and he and Elnora went up to the fields and woods. Mrs. Comstock had come to believe so implicitly in him that she now stayed at home to complete the work before she joined them, and when she did she often sat sewing, leaving them wandering hours at a time. It was noon before she finished, and then she packed a basket of lunch. She found Elnora and Philip near the violet patch, which was still in its prime. They lunched together. Then Mrs. Comstock carried the basket back to the cabin, and Ammon and Elnora sat on a log, resting for a few minutes.

"Do you remember your promise about these violets?" asked Ammon. "Tomorrow is Edith's birthday, and if I'd put them in special delivery on the morning train she'd get them in the late afternoon. They ought to keep well that long. She leaves for the north next day."

"Of course you can have them," said Elnora. "We will quit long enough before supper to gather a great bunch. They can be packed so they will carry all right. They should be perfectly fresh, especially if we gather them this evening and let them drink all night."

Then they went back to hunt Catawba. It was a long and a happy search. Ammon came to Elnora at dusk daintily holding one by the body, its dark wings showing and its long, slender legs trying to clasp his fingers and creep from his hold.

Elnora studied the black wings intently. "I surely believe that's Sappho," she marveled. "The Bird Woman will be overjoyed."

"We must get the cyanide jar quickly," said Ammon. "I wouldn't lose her for \$100. Such a chase as she led me!"

Elnora got the jar and began gathering up paraphernalia.

"When you make a find like that," she said, "it's the right time to quit and feel glorious all the rest of that day. I tell you I'm proud. We will go now. We have barely time to carry out our plans before supper. Won't mother be pleased to see that we have rare one?"

"I'd like to see anyone more pleased than I am!" said Philip Ammon. "I feel as if I'd earned my supper tonight. Let's go."

He took the greater part of the load and stepped aside for Elnora to precede him. She went down the path, broken by the grazing cattle, toward the cabin and nearest the violet patch she stopped, laid down her net, and the things she carried. Ammon passed her and hurried forward.

"Aren't you going to?"—began Elnora.

"I'm going to get this moth home in hurry," he said. "This cyanide has lost its strength, and it's not working well. We need some fresh in the jar."

He had forgotten the violets. Elnora stood looking after him, a curious expression on her face. One second so then she picked up the net and followed. At the blue bordered pool she paused and half turned back, then she closed her lips firmly and went on. It was 9 o'clock when Ammon said goodby and started to town. His gay whistle floated to them from the farthest corner of the Limberlost. Elnora complained of being tired, so she went to her room and to bed. But sleep would not come. Thought was racing in her brain, and the longer she lay the wider awake she grew. At last she softly slipped from bed, lit her lamp and began opening boxes. Then she went to work. Two hours later a beautiful birch bark basket, strongly and artistically made, stood on her table. She set a tiny alarm clock at 3, returned to bed and fell asleep instantly.

She was on the floor with the first tinkle of the alarm, and hastily dressing, she picked up the basket and a box to fit it, crept down the stairs and out to the violet patch. When the basket was filled to overflowing, she packed it solid with mosses, tied it firmly and slipped under the cord a note.

Then she took a short cut across the woods and walked swiftly to Onabasha. It was after 6 o'clock, but all of the city she wished to avoid were asleep. She had no trouble in finding a small boy out, and she stood at a distance waiting while he rang Dr. Ammon's bell and delivered the package for Philip to a maid, with the note which was to be given him at once.

On the way home through the woods passing some baited trees she collected the captive moths. She entered the kitchen with them so naturally that Mrs. Comstock made no comment. After breakfast Elnora went to her room, cleared away all trace of the night's work and was out in the arbor mounting moths when Ammon came down the road. "I am tired sitting," she said to her mother. "I think I will walk a few rods and meet him."

"Who's a tramp?" called Ammon from afar.

"Well, not you!" retorted Elnora. "Confess that you forgot!"

"Completely," said Ammon. "But luckily it would not have been fatal. I wrote Polly last week to send Edith something appropriate and handsome today, with my card."

Elnora nodded. Then Ammon went home. The women walked to the gate with him and stood watching him from sight.

CHAPTER XXI.
Wherein Elnora Makes a Confession.

THese days were the beginning of the weeks that followed. After June the moth hunts grew less frequent—the fields and woods were scoured for material for Elnora's grade work. Mrs. Comstock was a great help. Always her practical thought and sterling common sense were useful. When they were afied until exhausted they came back to the cabin for food, to prepare specimens and classify them and to talk over the day.

One warm August afternoon a blue-coated messenger entered the gate.

"I have a message for Philip Ammon."

Mrs. Comstock stepped to the back door and clanged the dinner bell sharply, paused a second and rang again. In a short time Ammon and Elnora came.

"Are you ill, mother?" cried Elnora.

Mrs. Comstock indicated the boy. "There is an important message for Philip," she said.

Ammon muttered an excuse and tore open the telegram. His color faded slightly. "I have to take the first train," he said. "My father is ill and I am needed."

He said goodby to Mrs. Comstock, repeated goodby to her for all her kindness and turned to Elnora.

"Will you walk to the edge of the Limberlost with me?" he asked. Elnora assented. Mrs. Comstock followed to the gate, urged him to come again soon and repeated her goodby. Then she went back to the arbor to await Elnora's return. As she watched down the road she smiled softly.

"I had an idea he would speak to me first," she thought, "but this may change things some. He hasn't time.

Elnora will come back a happy girl, and she has good reason. He is a model young man. Her lot will be mighty different from mine."

On the road Elnora spoke first. "I do hope it is nothing serious," she said. "Is he usually strong?"

"Quite strong," said Philip. "I am not alarmed, but I am very much ashamed. I have allowed him to overtax himself until he is down, and mother and Polly are north at our cottage. He's never been sick before, and it's probable I am to blame that he is now."

"Elnora"—the mother's head bent until the white hair mingled with the brown—"Elnora, why didn't you tell me at first?"

Elnora lifted her wet face. "He told me," she panted, "just as soon as he decently could—that second day he told me. Almost all his life he's been engaged to a girl at home. He never cared anything about me. He was just interested in the moths and growing strong."

"Elnora"—the mother's head bent until the white hair mingled with the brown—"Elnora, why didn't you tell me at first?"

Elnora caught her breath in a sharp snatch. "I know I should!" she sobbed. "I will bear any punishment for not, but I didn't feel as if I possibly could. I was afraid."

"Afraid of what?" the shaking hand was on the hair again.

"Afraid you wouldn't let him come!" panted Elnora. "And, oh, mother, I wanted him so!"

For the next week Mrs. Comstock and Elnora worked so hard there was no time to talk, and they were compelled to sleep from physical exhaustion. Elnora took all the dragon flies and butterflies she could, and when she went over the list for her collection, she found, to her amazement, that with Ammon's help she once more had it complete save a pair of yellow Emperor. From every source at her command she tried to complete the series with these moths and could not find any for sale.

Then came a notification that Elnora would be compelled to attend a week's session of the teachers' institute held at the county seat twenty miles north of Onabasha the following week. They went to Onabasha together and purchased a simple and appropriate fall suit and hat, goods for a dainty little colored frock and a dress skirt and several fancy waists. Margaret Sinton came down and the sewing began. When everything was finished and packed Elnora kissed her mother goodby at the depot and the train pulled out. Mrs. Comstock went to the bank and inquired for the cashier.

"I want to know just how I am fixed here," she said. The cashier laughed. "Well, you haven't been in a hurry," he replied. "We have been ready for you any time these twenty years, but you didn't seem to pay much attention. Your account is rather flourishing."

Mrs. Comstock sank into a chair and waited while the cashier read a jumble of figures to her. It meant that her deposits had exceeded her expenses from \$100 to \$300 a year, according to the cattle, sheep, hogs, poultry, butter and eggs she had sold. The aggregate of these sums had been compounding interest throughout the years. Mrs. Comstock stared at the total with dazed and unbelieving eyes. Through her sick heart rushed the realization that if she merely had stood before that wicket and asked one question she would have known that all those bitter years of skimping for Elnora and herself had been unnecessary.

She arose and went back to the depot.

"I want to send a message," she said.

She picked up the pencil and with rash extravagance wrote: "Found money at bank didn't know about. If you want to go to college come on first train and get ready." She hesitated a second, and then she said to herself grimly. "Yes, I'll pay for that too," and recklessly added. "With love, Mother." Then she sat waiting for the alarm clock. It came in less than an hour. "Going to teach this winter. With dearest love, Elnora."

Mrs. Comstock held the message a long time. When she arose she was ravenously hungry, but the pain in her heart was a little easier. She went to a restaurant and got some food, then to a dressmaker. At night she was so tired she scarcely could walk home, but she built a fire and cooked and ate a hearty meal.

Later she went out by the west fence and gathered an armful of tansy, which she boiled to a thick green tea.

Then she stirred in oatmeal until it was a stiff paste. She spread a sheet over her bed and began tearing strips of old muslin. She bandaged each hand

Elnora looked straight into his eyes and smiled serenely. "If the talking trees tell me this winter the secret of how a man may grow perfect I will write you what it is, Phillip. In all the time I have known you I never have liked you so little. Goodby."

Elnora crossed the road, climbed the fence and sought the shelter of their own woods. She took a diagonal course and followed it until she came to the path leading past the violet patch. She went down this hurriedly. Her hands were clenched at her sides, her eyes dry and bright, her cheeks red flushed and her breath coming fast. When she reached the patch she turned into it and stood looking around her.

The mosses were dry, the flowers gone, weeds a foot high covered it. She turned away and went on down the path until she was almost in sight of the cabin.

Mrs. Comstock could not understand why the girl did not hurry to her with what she would have to tell. She went out and wandered around the garden. Then she stepped into the path and started back along the way leading to the woods past the pool now framed in a thick setting of yellow lilies. Then she saw and stopped, gasping for breath. Her hands flew up, and her lined face grew ghastly. She stared at the sky and then at the prostrate girl figure. Over and over she tried to speak, but only a word came.

Elnora uttered one wild little cry and died into her mother's arms. "Oh, mother!" she sobbed. "Will you ever forgive me?"

Mrs. Comstock's arms swept together in a tight grip around Elnora.

"There isn't a thing on God's footstool from a to lizard I won't forgive you, my precious girl!" she said. "Tell mother what it is."

Elnora lifted her wet face. "He told me," she panted, "just as soon as he decently could—that second day he told me. Almost all his life he's been engaged to a girl at home. He never cared anything about me. He was just interested in the moths and growing strong."

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FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1912

BY THE WAY

It may seem odd that it is not the fruit which is exposed to the sun that ripens first, neither does it become the sweetest. Providence seems to have ordered the development of human beings in the same way, developing the choicest characters under circumstances which to the world seem far from favorable. Nothing is accidental and it is obviously wise to learn to take advantage of all available means of advancement.

There is a class of persons who participate in crime, often of the lowest kind, for the sake of involving others and furnishing evidence to prove them criminals.

They go into court and admit publicly that they are themselves criminals and that they know their victims to be criminals because they have had a part in their misdeeds. They do this for pay, of course, and are known as "stool pigeons," for whom all right minded people have nothing but inexpressible contempt. Police officials who confess their own weakness by the use of them in the detection of crime are coming to be held in disfavor and judges are coming to look unfavorably upon the evidence of such low creatures as having no value. They argue that the evidence of a person who would be guilty of such business is entirely unreliable. The confessions of Archibald and Penrose as to money paid and received respectively by them to ensure "fair treatment" for Standard Oil are strikingly suggestive of "stool pigeon" methods. They are willing to convict themselves of infamy in an effort to besmirch Roosevelt. The country will repose as much confidence in their testimony as in that of a "stool pigeon" from the tenderloin. It would be interesting to know their price for such jobs. Verily, Roosevelt has a right to be proud of the enemies he has stirred up.

Ocean Park has a great opportunity after the great calamity which befell in the conflagration which wiped out the amusement and business section of the beach resort Tuesday evening.

The property owners appear to be indomitable and declare they will rear the largest and finest beach resort on the coast. Most of the beach cities show the effects of long continued growth and evolution which has re-

MY PROUD PA

I s'pose the big head bendin' over my crib
Is my pa.
I s'pose that wiseacre whose talk is so gib

Is my pa.
I've not been here long now—my days are but three,
But there's something that even a baby can see,

An' the man who takes all the credit for me
Is my pa.

I s'pose that the man with the hat that won't fit
Is my pa.

I s'pose that that fellow who thinks he's "it"
Is my pa.

He's a little guy, too, but as proud as can be,

An' that wonderful lady an' I both agree
That the one who takes all the credit for me
Is my pa.

I s'pose that the man with that face-stretching grin
Is my pa.

I s'pose that that short chap, so terribly thin,
Is my pa.

My ma is that wonderful lady in white,
Her voice is as sweet as an angel at night,

Now I'm next to that proud little geezer, all right!
He's my pa.

—Detroit Free Press.

NATURE FAKIR

A hen is not supposed to have much common sense or tact,

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